

was lodged in the Millers house, and of their pleasant communication, To the tune of the French Laine.

Ferry our rofall thing would goe on hunting,
To the greene sojrest most pleasant and faire:
I came the yf art chased, the dainty Does tripping,
It a merry Sherwood his nobles repaire.
In te and in ad, was husband, all things prepar'd,
Of the same, to the game with good regard.

It a long Summer day, rode the thing pleasantly,
With all his princes and nobles each one:
basing the Hart and Hinde, and the Bucke gallantly,
In the darke evening inforst them turne game.
then at last riding fast he had lost quite,
all his hounds in the woods, late in darke night.

W moying thus wearily, all alone by and downe,
With a rode Miller he met at the last:
thing the ready wip unto faire Nottingham.
I quoth the Miller pour way you have lost.
yet I thinke, what I thinke truthfoll to say,
you doe not lightly goe but of your way.

I say what dost thou thinke of me quoth our king merrily
I aming to yndgement upon me so by the way:
God said to quoth the Miller I meane not to flatter,
goodfoll to be but a gentle man to the fe.
I and thee backe in the darke light not a bowne,
cast to it I presently crache thy Annaes crowne.

Thou dost abuse me in ich quoth our king saying thus,
an a gentlem in, lodging I lacke:
you hast quoth the miller not a grote in thy purse,
li thy inheritaunce hangs on thy backe.
I have gold to discharge all that I call,
If it be for thy pence I will pay all.

I thou best a true man then answered the miller,
I wear by my tols with the lodge thee all night.
eres my hand quoth our king that I was ever:
day lost quoth the miller thou mayst be a spite.
better ile know thee ere hands I will take,
I none but with honest men hands I will take.

Thus they went al a long into the millers house
Where they were forching of Windings and house:
be miller fi. I entered in, after him went the king:
ever came he in so smoothe a hous.
now quoth be let me see, here what you are,
quoth our king looke pour fill, and doe not spare.

like well thy countenance thou hast an honest face,
With my some Richard th. a night thou shalt lye:
quoth his wife by my troth tis a good handsome youth:
let to it best husband to deale warily
art thou not run away, pray thee youth tel,
shew us thy passpozt and al that be wel.

Then our king presently making low curtelle,
With his hat in his hand, bus he did say:
I have no passpozt noz never was serviturr,
nt a poore courtier rode out of my way.
and for pour kindness now proffered to me,
I will requite it in every degree.

Then to the miller his wife whispered secretly,
saying it sameth this youth's of good kinne:
Both by his apparel and eke by his manners,
I turne him out certainly were a great kinne.
quoth be, you may see, he hath some grace,
then he speaks unto his betters in place.

Wel quoth the millers wife, yong man we'come b
And though I say it, well lodged shalt thou be:
fresh strawe I wil have, laide in pour bed so by and
God bjaune hempen sherts, likewise quoth she.

I quoth the goshman and when that is done,
go a shall lye with no woyle then with mine owne.
Say first quoth Richard, good fellow tell me true,
Hast thou no creepers in thy gap hose.
W art thou not troubled with the scabado?
I pray you quoth our king what things be those?
Art thou not lousie, or scabb'd quoth he?
If thou dost, surely thou lye'st not with me.

This cause our king so baine lyng out most by
til the teares trickled downe from his face:
then unto supper were they set o'zerly,
With hot baggudding, and good apples.
A ppyale good and kale in a blacke boale,
which o'd about all the boozie merrily trouble.

Here quoth the Miller, good fellow I thinke to t
and to all courtlyos that courteous be,
I pledge the quoth our king, and thanke the a har
For my good welcome in every beate.
and here in like manner I thinke to the son,
do so quoth Richard and quiche let it come.

Wise quoth the miller now fetch me soozth light
that we of his sweete as a little may take:
A faire Wenslon palle then brought the soozth pze
Eate quoth the miller, but fir make no waste.

Her is god lightfoll, in faith quoth our king,
I never eate so saintie a thing.

Wise said Richard no daint: at all it is.

For we do eate of it everie daie,
In what place said our king may be bought like
Wile never pay oennie for it by my saye:
from merie Sherwood we fetch it home here,
now and then we make bolde with the kings a

Then I thinke quoth our king that it is venison,
Each soale quoth Richard sai wel may se that
Bener are we without two o'z than in the raffe,
Wery wel fished and exelent fat.

but pze thee say nothing where ever thou goe,
we would not for two pence the king should it b

Doubt not quoth our king my promised secretie,
the king shall never know moze on't for me,
a cup then of lampa wood they dranke frait hot:
and so to their beds they past pze sently:
the nobles next moyning went al by and downe
for to keke out the king in every towne.

at last at this millers house some did espy him pl
as he was mounting upon his faire steed:
to whom they ran presently falling downe on th
which made the millers heart wofully bleed,
shyking and quaking before him he stood,
thynking he should have been hangd by the rood

The king pzeceiving him fearful and trembling
Drewe out his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller down did fall crying before them all
Doubting the king would have cut of his head.
but he his kinde curtelle strait to requite,
gave him great luting, and dubbed him a knight.